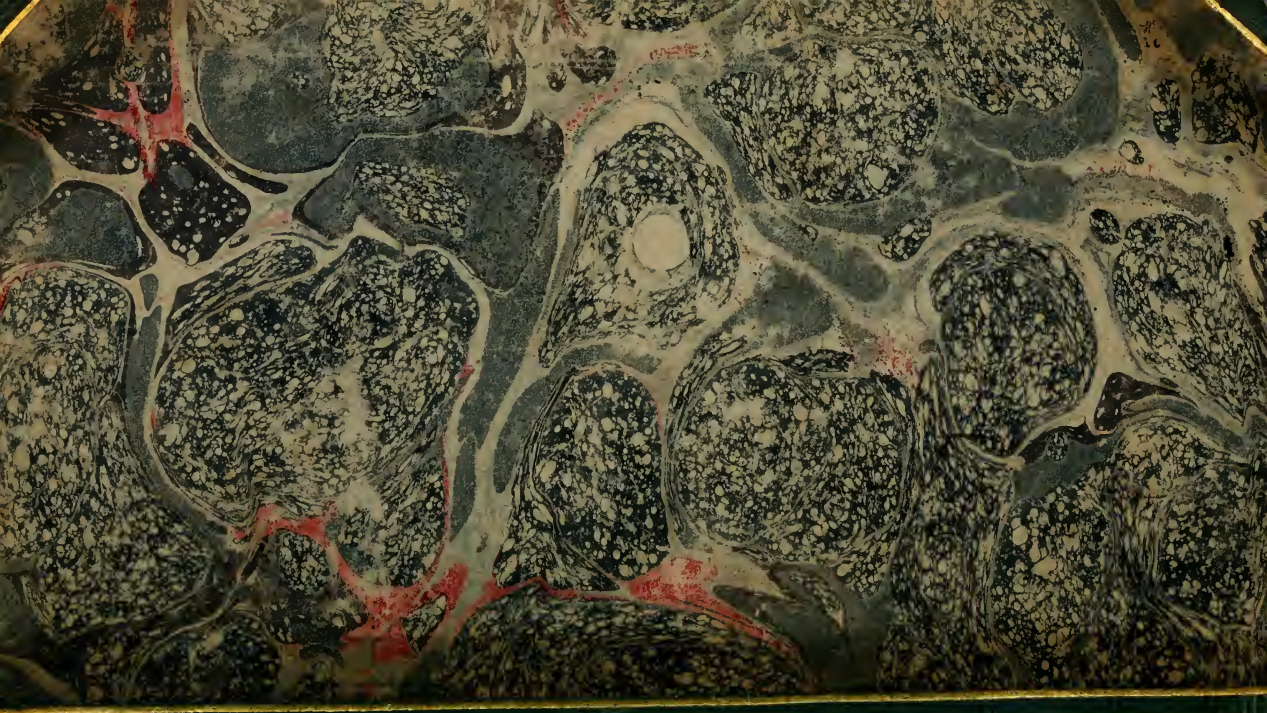

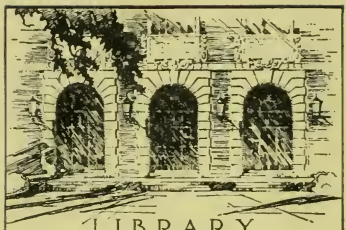

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A WINTER

IN

DUBLIN.

VOL. III.

A

WINTER IN DUBLIN:

A descriptive Tale.

By CHARLES SEDLEY, Esq.

Author of the Barouche Driver, Infidel Mother, Mask of Fashion, &c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

THOSE PEOPLE, "*like ancient Medals, are kept apart; and, "passing but few hands, preserve the first sharpnesses which "the fine hand of Nature has given them—they are not "unpleasant to feel—but, in return, the legend is so visible; "that, at the first look, you see whose image and superscrip-"tion they bear.*" STERNE.

LONDON:

Printed by D. N. SHURY, Berwick Street, Soho

FOR J. F. HUGHES, WIGMORE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1808.

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A WINTER

IN

DUBLIN.

A courteous greeting having taken place between the parties, the Benevolent Priest related the little story of the shipwreck, concluding thus:

" And so, hearing that your Honor had come down among us, I just made

bold to inform your Honor, of the accident — and may Heaven's blessing attend you, in *sæcula sæculorum.*"

" I thank you, Doctor; my efforts shall not be wanting"—replied Mr. O'Connor—" to assist you in the office of humanity: but, how did you leave your patient?"

" Is it, how did I leave him, your Honor?—By my hopes of salvation, I left him quietly asleep, in the arms of

Somnus, and Catty Delany *waking* him."

" And, I hope, perfectly released from every symptom of danger?"

" Oh, your Honor, let Doctor Terence O'Mooney alone for that—I'll engage he's as live as a salmon* —

---

* Alluding to the Salmon leaps in Ireland. At Ballyshannon there is a Salmon leap belonging to Mr. Conolly, which he rents at £2000 per

though I found him as dead as a herring, and as well pickled, by Madam Amphitrite, as if she had been brought up to the trade. Indeed, and upon my

---

annum: to this river the Salmon come, in shoals, to spawn; and it is surprising to see them leap an eminence of upwards of sixty perpendicular feet.

At this season, boatmen go out to shoot them; and they sell, usually, at two-pence per pound.

When a fish misses its object the first time, it perseveres till it has attained it, or is so completely exhausted, that the people can haul it up, without resistance, into their boats.

conscience, that *Same* is as mischievous a little body in Olympus, as Lucifer's own Cousin German is on the Continent, with her confederates and allies, Mr. Nox, and Mr. Erebus, and Mr. Æolus, and the rest of the heathen Princes of Tartarus—the Styx—and the Elysian Fields."

The good Father had now got upon his hobby-horse, and there was only one way to stop him. Mr. O'Connor proposed they should adjourn to the pavillion, to take some refreshment;

after which, the General and himself accompanied the Reverend Father, in their carriage, to the hut of the honest-hearted Phelim Delany.

During their drive, the Priest amused them with the history of the wreck. I say, *amused*, because the account was so whimsically interlarded with tropes, and figures, and blunders, and crotchets, that it was not easy to resist laughing at the learned narrator's profound oratory.

A portmanteau, with every comfortable change, had been placed in the carriage for the accommodation of the shipwrecked stranger—and it was Mr. O'Connor's wish to prevail on him to become their guest, till he was perfectly recovered.

Entering the cabin, they found the stranger, seated by a famous turf-fire, wrapped in the fisherman's boat-cloak —his countenance, which had the appearance of being embrowned by foreign climates, still wore the pallid

traces of what he had undergone; but the brilliant expression, of his full black eyes, animated his enfeebled features.

When he understood the humane purport of Mr. O'Connor's visit, his reply and manner, at once, proclaimed the man of polished fashion.

In addition to what we have related, it appeared from the stranger's account, that the powerful wave which overwhelmed their boat, had thrown him to so great a distance, that all hope

seemed fled—that, in this situation of despondency, he wished to resign himself to fate, but the instinctive impulse, with which nature urges us to struggle with the last gasp for life, taught him to buffet with the angry element.

That, shortly after, he had the good fortune to grasp an oar, which he supposed to have been washed out of the boat. How long he supported himself he could not tell; but he endured, in his own mind, an eternity of agonizing suspense.

At length, exhausted nature could do no more—his hand let go its nerveless hold—and his senses were soon lost within the bosom of the deep.

Mr. O'Connor, now, asked the Doctor if he thought his patient strong enough to bear the motion of the carriage.

"By the great Esculapius"—replied the Doctor—"his pulse thumps against my fist, as regular as the ticking of a town clock—he only wants decent

garments to make him look like his own self, and then he may follow you all the world over."

The stranger was full of gratitude to all his preservers; which, for the present, was the only return he could make them: the vessel having completely disappeared on the morning following the storm, every thing on board was, consequently, lost. He, however, took the skipper's address at his agent's in Dublin; and, for the

present, left his humane friends to attend Mr. O'Connor to the Pavillion.

During their ride, the Stranger gave his new friends a brief sketch of his travels; and his easy, elegant, manners, won considerably on his auditors.

The Ladies had waited dinner, much beyond the usual hour, anxiously expecting their invalid guest, and sweetly sympathizing in his misfortune.

At length, the party arrived: and

the Ladies beheld a tall, elegant, and highly fashioned Gentleman, apparently between thirty and forty, whose whole appearance was rendered inexpressibly interesting, by their knowledge of his late misfortune, and the consequent languor it communicated to his whole frame.

Mrs. Colville gazed—and trembled! a sort of shivering ran through her veins, and she stood in gasping expectation of she knew not what.

"Give me leave, Ladies"—said Mr. O'Connor—"to recommend this Gentleman to your best protection. He is a traveller, and will repay your attentions with interest."

"Mrs. O'Connor!—Mr. Montague Burgoyne: Mrs. Col . . . . . .

. . . . . ."

A faint shriek, from the latter, interrupted the ceremonials—Mrs. Colville had fainted away.

"Pray leave us"—said Mrs. O'Connor—"My sweet friend is, still, so weak, from her late indisposition, that this flurry, occasioned by the melancholy account of the shipwreck, has overpowered her sensibility—will you, my dear"—turning to her husband—"send Williams to us?"

Ellen, opening her eyes at these last words, waved her hand as a negative; and declared it was nothing but a temporary dizziness, which would wear off, as rapidly as it had attacked her.

She; was, however, mistaken; and, although she essayed to be cheerful, and to sit down to table, she found herself unequal to the effort—and was compelled to retire; but without any alarming symptoms.

To the Enthusiast, and to the Visionary, I would, for a few moments, particularly address myself.

" How infinite is imagination!—It traverses the earth, the sea, the air, with a rapidity defying calculation,

and extends the limits of our existence to an eternity!

" Under the imposing influence of the imagination, we picture to our glowing fancy, in bold and vivid colors, objects that we have never seen—and retrace others that we shall see no more.

" It is creative!—it softens absence —it inspires hope—it alleviates misery!

" The doting parent, robbed of her

cherub boy, just as his infant lip had learnt to lisp the name of mother, aided by the magic of imagination, rescues her darling from the cold, senseless, tomb—he grows in beauty and in stature: she dwells, enraptured, on the progress of his studies: she beholds an accomplished youth . . . .

. . . . . .

" But, all the enjoyments, of this transitory world, are mere illusions!"

When Ellen Colville found herself

alone, in her chamber, she was assailed by a rapidity of reflection bordering on temporary madness—had she really seen her Cousin Montague?—*him* whom her tenderest thoughts had, so often, and so sweetly, contemplated?—driven, too, by FATE into her arms

. . . . . .

Her arms?—was she not married?—the wife of General Colville?—

She sighed—an involuntary tear fol-

lowed—She *feared* it would be a breach of duty to love her Cousin—

In this situation, she was found by Mrs. O'Connor, who hurried from table to Ellen's dressing-room; and, on the bosom of that kind friend, she disclosed the whole of her extraordinary passion.

Mrs. O'Connor was much affected at the confession; but asked her, "whether she might not have been misled by a similarity of names—there might"

—she said—" be more than one Montague Burgoyne in the world "

" Oh, no!"—replied she—" I feel it *here* . . . . . " pressing her bosom: " I knew *him* the moment he entered the room, although I had never seen him before.

" But"—she continued; rising with majesty, and her countenance glowing with more than mortal dignity—" I shall know how to correct the delu-

sion of my heart—my friends shall never blush for me."

"That I will be sworn to"—replied her amiable and indulgent friend—"Sensibility is a dear, but dangerous attribute; although the proudest distinction of humanity: it ennobles our nature, when under the guidance of reason; and, in you, my lovely friend, will always be beautiful."

"You overpower me, dearest Mrs. O'Connor, with excess of goodness;

you even flatter my very foibles, and would reconcile me to glaring errors—Yet, I trust, they are transient: my heart has wept over the grave of Montague—it was wedded to his clay-cold form, 'ere I consented to become the wife of General Colville—my passion was fervent; but it was innocent—I could not foresee *what* has happened; but I will contend with my fate:—

"I trust I have done my duty as a wife. . . . . ."

Then sighing---she repeated---"Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

"Your sensibility, my dear Ellen, may endanger your peace of mind; but never can sully your character. Your sentiments are so delicate—your virtue is so chaste---your mind so pure ---that it is impossible it could associate with a guilty passion: with you, it will become a magnanimity---for what can be more magnanimous than to combat with the temptations of the heart; to triumph in secret, and men-

tally enjoy the applause of conscience. Virtue, my love, is an antidote to every evil, in life, and its consolations are both solid and delightful."

Thus cheered, our Heroine began to recover her spirits; when a tapping, at the door, announced a visitor.

"Come in . . . . . ."

It was the General---who, with the

most affectionate solicitude, enquired after Ellen's health.

"I am growing childish, I believe," ---she replied with a smile---"for every trifle makes me ridiculous: the *surprise*, however, was sufficiently powerful to have shaken stronger nerves than mine."

"What surprise, my best love?"

"Bless me!---I had quite forgotten,

my dear General, that my Cousin Montague was supposed to have been murdered, in Saint Domingo, previous to our marriage---But you may recollect to have heard, that my fortune was left me conditionally; and, that my hand was refused, by a relation, on whom that condition depended."

"And this is the cousin to whom you were to have been married, my dear---Is it not?"

" The Cousin to whom my Uncle would have married me; but who refused my hand."

" Particularly ungallant"—said the General, drily—

" *Perhaps* so" — retorted Ellen, piqued at his manner—" but not less true."

Both were, now, silent; and Mrs. O'Connor, perceiving that it would

require the aid of a third person to harmonise them, endeavoured to give the conversation a new turn: but the General continued pensive; at times, musing---even to melancholy.

Now, indeed, it might be said, that our Heroine's fate was verging to a crisis, as she had, so lately, prophetically announced.

It is a melancholy fact, that when confidence is once weakened between man and wife—no matter why or

wherefore—their future domestic happiness is, for ever, marred. Nor will all the philosophy, in the world, prevail against this decision of nature.

The General had been jealous of Ponsonby; but suffered his better judgment to believe that jealousy unfounded. He supposed himself satisfied; yet the accidental meeting with a man —who had once been his wife's destined husband—blew the embers of that fatal passion into a blaze, and he misconstrued every thing he saw or heard.

In the evening, Ellen went down to tea; when she found the General had, already, declared her relationship to Mr. Montague Burgoyne; who arose to meet her, encreasing her embarrassment, by pressing her fair hand to his lips.

It was a natural act of gallantry; yet disconcerted the whole party. The General knit his brow—Ellen looked confused—Mrs. O'Connor foresaw the impending ruin of her friend's happiness—and gaiety, for the evening, was banished from their circle.

Next morning, Phelim Delany came to the Pavilion, with a portable writing-desk which, he said, had been left in the Skipper's boat, since the night of the storm; and, that Father O'Mooney had told him the name of Montague Burgoyne was on the brass plate, and sent him with it.

"Our Hero," whom we introduced at last, remembered having thrown this box into the boat; and he was delighted to recover it, as it contained many papers of consequence---among

others, a sketch of his adventures, which he had written on his passage, partly on his own account, and partly in case of his death, that the memoir, together with his will, sealed in the same envelope, might be delivered to his cousin Ellen Perceval.

Having broken the seal, and separated the papers, he presented the memoir to the General, requesting he would convey it to his wife. We transcribe it.

"MEMOIRS OF M: BURGOYNE."

"To pass over the uninteresting details of childhood, I commence this memoir at the period of my father's death.

"I was scarcely seventeen, and new at Oxford; but I had been taught by my dashing friends *there*, that Greek and Latin were obsoletes in every fashionable dictionary, and would subject me to universal ridicule. I had, therefore, studied horse-racing, farriery,

boxing, and drinking—was a constant frequenter of the New-Market meetings; and sported, with no small degree of celebrity, on the turf.

"Lord Frederick Elmour was my chum—my bosom friend—and my preceptor. Under his fashionable tuition, I learnt to neglect the payment of my tradesmen's bills—entertained a *buona Roba*, at a neighbouring cottage, and obtained the reputation of a d——d fine fellow.

"No sooner, however, was it known, that I had lost my father—who died in the West Indies—then I was besieged by the giddy and the profligate, who laughed me out of my solitude, ridiculed my affliction, and subverted all the better propensities of my nature, by the dread of being *hoaxed* by my fellow-collegians.

"By the advice of Lord Frederick, I determined on fixing my future residence in London: he accompanied me to the gay metropolis.

My minority income was too slender for the indulgence of my own enthusiastic flights; but Lord Frederick soon removed my fears on that head. He introduced me to the clubs in St. James's Street, and recommended play, as an *infallible* road to fortune, and the indispensable object of a gentleman's pursuit.

"His Lordship, however, turned out to be a false prophet. At the end of a month, I found myself *minus* seven thousand pounds—what was to be done?

My allowance was only twelve hundred a year—but Lord Frederick was *my friend*, and rich in expedient. He presented me to a banker in P—P—who, he assured me, would take pleasure in offering me a *small loan;* meanwhile, my losses were a mere bagatelle—nothing among friends---as the winner, would, with pleasure, wait a week, or two, to accommodate me.

"The bank, to which I had been recommended, was held at a superb mansion; and the whole paraphernalia, of

the shop, bore *such evident* testimony of respectability, that a man much more scientific than myself, in the arts of the town, might have been satisfied with * appearances.

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* The firm of this bank was arranged with great policy; beginning with a *pseudo* baronet, who has as many names as a Castilian Don; which names, by the ingenious application of commas, professed to belong to *many* persons; and the junior party bore the name of one of the first banking houses in town.

The latter was a harum scarum sailor, who had plunged himself into pecuniary difficulties, and gladly jumped at an offer to become partner in a

"On presenting ourselves, at three o'clock, we were admitted to an inner room; and, after waiting near an hour, Mr. Prince---the resident partner---issued from an adjoining apartment, with two young men of very fashionable ap-

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BANK; but the *benevolent* Mr. Prince did not suffor his kindness to end there.

He married the youth to a few thousands, which he *safely banked;* and, shortly after, the deluded young man discovered the whole to be a *trick,* except the *wife,* who was a *reality;* and, that, with the incumbrance, he was left to whistle for the fortune.

pearance, of whom he took a respectful leave; and, then turning to me, with many apologies, excused himself for keeping us waiting, as well as on account of his inability, to devote an hour to my business that morning---he concluded, by pressing Lord Frederick and myself, to dinner, at seven o'clock.

"I confess, I was not very much prepossessed in favor of my new acquaintance; who, in spite of a certain speciousness of travelled manner, discovered much native grossierté---but as I

wanted the money, and not the man, I did not suffer myself to dwell on so unimportant a subject.

" At the dinner hour, we were preceded, through the spacious entrance-hall, by servants in rich liveries---the chairs bore coronets, and a superb grecian lamp illuminated the staircase.

" Lady Londonderry—our hostess—was as little dignified as her husband; but her vulgarities were arrayed in the height of Parisian costume: two Ger-

man Barons---an Italian Countess---and the two gentlemen, I had seen with Mr. Prince in the morning, made up our party.

" The cookery and wines were foreign; and every thing was served in good style. About ten, the Ladies went to the Opera; and the Gentlemen, also rising to pursue their engagements, for the evening, Lord Fredrick and myself were left, alone, with Mr. Prince.

" Having explained my immediate want of ten thousand pounds and my securities, Mr. Prince promised to procure me the loan, from a friend of his, a Russia Merchant, who usually had a large sum floating, and was a personage of the STRICTEST HONOR.

" I have been thus particular in describing this visit, because it lulled me into a state of security, that afforded Mr. Prince, and his colleagues, every advantage, over me, they could well have wished.

" In short, seduced by the fashion of play—goaded by a spirit to avenge my losses—and encouraged by the constant *friendly* assurances of Lord Frederick, that perseverance must, eventually, recover all—I pursued my fate, and was obliged to repeat the Russia Merchant's loan, for an equal sum, four different times.

" For the benefit of all young heirs, who, inconsiderately, involve themselves in difficulties—knowing money *may be* had—I recommend, to their particular

attention, the manner in which these loans, from a man of the STRICTEST HONOR, were made to me.

" The Junto---having first played with my feelings, and tormented me with delays--proposed, by *their Speaker*, that I should grant a bond, for fifteen thousand pounds, payable three days after I was of age---ten thousand, of which, were to be paid down; subject to commission, interest, brokerage, accommodation fees, &c. &c: and, for

the remaining five thousand, I was to be loaded with a cargo of furs, tallow, flax, pot ashes, sheeting, and leather!!!

" What an appendage to the dressing room of a man of fashion!—

" Still, I had no suspicion; but my ruin having, afterwards, made me more clear-sighted, I discovered---too late--- the birth, parentage, education, and adventures, of Mr. Prince, to be briefly, as follow.

" This worthy Gentleman commenced his early career, in the character of a " *vender of hair rollers,*" in Saint Paul's Church Yard: his next stage, was that of *necessary* man to a pettifogging attorney; but *some trifling mistake*---either in an oath, probate to a will, or signature to a draft---caused him to leave off practice, *rather suddenly,* and make a trip to the Continent.

" Here, the fertility of his genius became an object of *curiosity* with the

Inquisition, and he escaped an *Auto da fé* by miracle.

" Behold him, now, playing the Marquis, at Venice, with a ribbon and star!

" Lady Londonderry was, at the time, partaking the *pleasures* of the Carnival: a jolly widow—with as little beauty as character—possessing a jointure of six hundred a year.

" The jointure captivated the needy

Marquis; the star prevailed with the ambitious Baroness; and, they were united: but ere the honey-moon was in its wane, my Lord Marquis was kicked out of a Cassino, by order of *his* Ambassador, and the deluded Baroness reduced to the *rank* of an adventurer's wife---who, from any thing she knew, to the contrary, might be either a JEW, or a Mahommedan.

" Her Ladyship, however, was soon reconciled; and the new married couple returned to London, where they set up

for people of fashion, under the delusive auspices I have described.

" Needy young men, of fashionable address, were mounted into curricles as persons of family and fortune, by Mr. Prince; while his Lady, *ingeniously*, contrived to introduce them to females ---unknown in the great world, but well known by Abraham Newland, and the tax-gatherers--with whom she negotiated fashionable matches: the *assisting* party receiving a *small* per centage

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from the bridegroom, on his marriage, as well as a refund of the expences of his original outfit.

" Many are the scandalous subterfuges resorted to, to keep up appearances in London, not only by the butterflies of a season, but by persons, whose rank should be a preservative to their honor: and all these impositions, gradually, opened to my observation, as my knowledge of the town let me into the true characters of those by whom I was surrounded.

" I had often wondered how my friend, Lord Frederick, was enabled to sport the most dashing equipage of any man about town, and to keep setts of horses, at half the livery stables west of Bond Street; till I discovered, that his Lordship, instead of driving his own cattle, drove that of the stable-keepers, from whom he received a certain premium for every set he puffed off, to an emulative greenhorn, or a would be whip.

" This was the *dignified* pursuit

of the younger son of a ducal family!

"But, to me, it appeared still more extraordinary, that the "*auri sacra fames*" could convert the first among our nobles into a blacklegs, on a sporting race-course; and, that peers *had* sold their wives, or bartered their daughters, in liquidation of their DEBTS OF HONOUR, to successful vagabonds!

"I pursued, however, the career of folly; paying, as I went, for every

new *pleasure* I partook---till a crash at Newmarket, succeeded by a fatal run at the Faro table---at which I, desperately, determined either to rise or fall ---reduced me, at the age of twenty-six, from the revenue of a prince to the poverty of a mendicant.

" I pass over the degrading pity I received, in this situation, from my former intimates---the mental anguish I endured--my deserved imprisonment! ---and hasten to Saint Domingo.

" My appointment was that of Commissary, and my destination, Saint Marc.

" Heavens! what a scene, for the contemplative mind, was produced by the revolution of this once blooming colony!

" The mansion appointed for the residence of the Commandant, and the Commissariat, was a noble pile of stone, situated in the center of the Bay, which

represented a horse-shoe. It had been the former residence of Monsieur de Saint Macary, a merchant and factor: this princely dwelling contained a spacious saloon, wherein he had been accustomed to lay sixty covers, every day, for the entertainment of the planters coming into town; and the square court yard, at the back of the building, was surrounded with numerous sleeping apartments, stabling, and coach-houses, for their further accommodation.

Of all his former wealth, this house, alone, remained: he occupied a small back apartment, and devoted his little revenue to the support of his family.

" Here, I have listened to the tale of the widow and the orphan--and mingled the tear, of sympathy, with that of woe, in contemplating the noble ruin before me!

" Here, I have administered the daily rations, of our benevolent government, to a family previously ac-

customed to the luxuries of fifty or sixty thousand louis per annum!

"Here, I have met woe-worn females, whose husbands had been, brutally, quartered before their eyes; and husbands, whose young, beautiful, and virtuous wives, had fallen into the power of the brigands, to groan under the ignominy of a variety of pollution!

"The habitual melancholy of my mind adapted me, as it were, to compassionate these unhappy sufferers

they were, like myself, outcasts from a proud world — and I made some friendships, in the country, that will be dear, to me, to the latest hour of my existence.

" I resided eighteen months in the garrison; yet feel myself at a loss to describe the ever varying scene.

" On my arrival, a detachment of the 96th regiment, was landed; consisting, nearly, of three hundred men; but a little month had scarcely passed,

'ere the whole fell victims to the climate, excepting Major B—— and his servant—the former, of whom, was, shortly after, appointed to command the garrison; in which arduous situation, he endeared himself to all around him—he is one of the most amiable of men.

" Our principal force consisted in a regiment of black volunteers, commanded by Colonel Dessources, a young Creole, full of native ardor, uncontaminated by Courts: he was of the

most tried fidelity and distinguished bravery; and, to this corps, we were, solely, indebted for our tenure in that part of the island.

" The town was slightly fortified, and our possession limited to the fossé that skirted our works: Yet—such is the national character of the French—amidst all their sufferings, and continual alarms, they danced, and sang, as if reposing in the very bosom of felicity.

" Often have we quitted the cotillion, abruptly, to gallop to an out-post, on a firing from the alarm guns; when the ladies would, calmly, await our return to renew the dance, and devote the remainder of the night to merriment.

" Such was the effect of habits, arising from the practice of the enemy to annoy our garrison, by sending small detachments to fire on the outposts at night; till, like the fable of the boy

and the wolf—alarms were heard without terror.

" Many were the nights that I have passed in my cloaths, with my pistols and sabre at my side, and my horse ready saddled at the door, to fly to the alarm-post, or to escape assassination from *white* traitors in the town.

" At one time, we were besieged—at another bombarded: now, roused by the enemy without—now called upon

to detect and punish the enemy within. wretches, who, often stung the bosom that had warmed them into renewed existence.

"Yet, amid all these dangers, the Commandant and his party---of which I was always one---took their early morning's ride through the hostile country---sometimes encountering bodies hanging, in clusters, from the boughs of trees; at other times, descrying human carcases, still reeking, in the adjacent hedge: for, in this revolutionary

warfare, quarter was unknown; white man glutted upon white man---negro upon negro---conquer, or die, was the only alternative.

"It was a truly melancholy sight to behold the vast ruin of this once fertile country---so lately a mine of wealth, and now a desert: for it was the invariable practice of the Brigands to burn and destroy every estate they passed through. Indeed, on many occasions, we have galloped over the still burning ruins, saluted, en passant, by a few

random shot, from the stragglers of the departed army.'

"When I consider the bloodshed, and treasure, our nominal possession of this country has cost us, I am at a loss whether, to admire the characteristic humanity which led the British arms to hasten in protection of this suffering colony; or, to revile the puerile policy, of Ministers, in supposing it possible with a comparative handful of men, sent every now and then to slaughter, to contend, with success, against a fero-

cious people, and their still more destructive climate.

And, independently of its being a national evil, it has proved a commercial calamity. Many are the hardy adventurers, who speculate on our *momentary* possession of any newly subdued colony—and smart for their temerity. St. Domingo has offered peculiar attraction to these high-spirited Gentlemen; among others, the house of M—— has sent out a small fleet, with

colonial stores, in aid of the distressed planter; and Mr. D——, their agent, holds a public levee, every morning at Port-au-Prince; when the Planter has only to point to his estate, on the map of the island, and an immediate advance is made him in money.

" It is easy to conceive the advantages Mr. M——'s house has proposed, by their loans, as the consignments of these estates, *when fully within the British power, by the annihi-*

*lation of the Brigands, would produce a princely * revenue.*

But, I am perfectly convinced, that it is not the intention of the chiefs of this country to own allegiance to any other, although they do not, as yet, declare their independence. Ministers,

---

* I lament to add, that Mr. M——, who was one of the most opulent, as well as one of the most respectable, merchants on the Change of London, put an end to his existence, on the failure of his speculation, in consequence of the evacuation of the colony.

from France, are suffered to have a residence here, but their's is a mockery of power; Toussaint dictates—and they accede.

"Of this celebrated character, I shall say a few words.

"In his person, he bears all the stronger features of the negro, and is extremely black. Originally, a * cattleman on his master's estate, wholly un-

* A waggon---The teams, in the West Indies, are of oxen: hence the name, "*Cattleman.*"

cultivated by education, but possessing strong natural powers; the most active and successful, of which, are craft, subtlety, and hypocrisy.

"His elevation to power was rapid, and he maintains it firmly. He is surrounded by white officers of talent; but his army, for the most part, are ill cloathed, and ill fed—depending, chiefly, on plunder for their support. He attacks with undaunted bravery, but is easily repulsed by the bayonet; and the line once broken, his troops fly in

all directions. Ambuscade is their favourite mode of operation.

"He is our very near neighbour, and often annoy us with false attacks; but since the days of Colonel * Brisbane, who commanded here, originally,

* I knew Colonel Brisbane—the son of Admiral Brisbane—personally and intimately: he was of the most polished manners, and finished education. When he took the command of this garrison, he had seen little of a military life; but his intuitive genius, and persevering ardor, overcame the mountain of difficulties, with which he had to contend within, and without, the

and who lost his life in opposing the passage of Toussaint, across the Artibonite, he is more a troublesome than a dreaded neighbour

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town---then, not in the least fortified, excepting towards the sea.

He was the terror of the Brigands when living; and so powerful was the awe with which they had been accustomed to consider him, that when he was killed, and our army returned to Saint Marc, the enemy, instead of pursuing his advantage, retreated back into the country. His memory is revered by every colonial Frenchman who ever heard it.

A brother of the Colonel's having, shortly after, greatly distinguished himself, it was remarked, in

"Thus much, preparatory to my more intimate acquaintance with him.

"I cannot omit this occasion to do justice to the very honorable character of Mr. B—the Agent General at Port-au-prince; and Mr. R--the Receiver General at Saint Marc; but, of our Popinjays who strut their hour in all the *dig-*

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the public prints of the day, that among the many heroes who were an honor to their country, none had more distinguished themselves, than "THE FAMILY OF THE BRISBANES."

nity of office—moving caricatures of arrogance and ignorance—I am silent.

" Of the Governor General, Sir Adam Williamson, I am at a loss how to speak; and, perhaps, I cannot do better, than apply the following quotation to his memory.

" *He was a man---take him for all, in all, I shall not look upon his like again.*"

" I had now obtained my leave of absence, and took my passage on board

an armed schooner, bound to the Mole Saint Nicolas; at which port, the Jamaica homeward bound packet always stops for Government dispatches; but 'ere we could weather the point of the harbour, three brigand-boats came out, from in-shore, and attacked us.

" We carried twelve six-pounders, and two carronades, and had thirty-eight hands on board, besides eleven passengers—all well disposed to make a resolute resistance; but the enemy's force consisted in flat-bottomed wher-

ries, each carrying, from one hundred, to one hundred and fifty, men, with a four-and-twenty pounder in the prow. Resistance, therefore, was in vain; they boarded, sword in hand, after killing several of our ship's company at long shot, and carried us into the Gonaives.

" About seven o'clock, on the following evening, we anchored in the port of Gonaives; and were, soon after, landed under a strong escort of black troops, dressed in dark green jackets, round hats with tri-color cockades, and

long military feathers; their shirts open at the neck: neither shoes nor stockings.

" We were conducted to the guard-house, where we were detained till twelve at night, waiting for the arrival of the Adjudant de la place; who came at length, and, in as many words, ordered us to the cachot.

" I have already described our number to have been forty-nine—of which twenty-eight survived the engagement

—and we were driven, like a flock of sheep about to be penned, to a damp dungeon, partly underground, and already occupied by more tenants than it was ever intended to accommodate.

" On the door being opened, we were saluted by the shrieks of those confined, who declared themselves dying for want of air: they begged, most piteously, to have their numbers thinned —their complaints, however, only provoked the mockery of our guard, and

we were forced among them at the end of the bayonet.

" I know not, by what miracle, it happened, but I attribute the preservation of my life, after this night of unutterable suffering, to the accidental circumstance of my finding myself, on the closure of the door, immediately opposite to a grilled opening of about two yards square; and feeling, instantly, the advantages of my post, I grasped the bars; by which means I maintained

my situation, notwithstanding the efforts of those around to dislodge me, that they might inhale the air.

" The place of our confinement—as I afterwards discovered--was a square of about fifteen feet, and something less than seven feet in height, the only aperture, to which, was the grating on which I had seized, and the number of my companions, in distress, no less than one hundred and thirteen.

" Language is infinitely too feeble to

pourtray the horrors of this night: the piercing shrieks of despair from the living, burning with an excruciating thirst: the groans of those who were on the point of ending their sufferings: the pressure of the dead bodies—on every side—too well jammed in to fall to the ground: the putrescency of the air, steamed with the almost exhausted moisture of the bodies of the survivors—combined to give terrors, to this night of indescribable agonies, which to be known—must have been endured.

" About four in the morning, at the relief of our guard, the Corporal, humanized by our groans and cries for water, gave orders that it should be brought to us. He had not, however, the means of opening our prison door, so that we were constrained to receive it, through the iron bars, in my hat, which I had pushed through for the purpose.

" The avidity with which the poor wretches scrambled for this water, and

the want of prudence with which they swallowed it, increased their suffering.

" Hitherto, I had not experienced any very extraordinary drought; but when the water appeared, my anxiety to drink was unconquerable. The Corporal continued to supply our wants, but, I believe, his consternation was not less than ours, when he found, that so far from having relieved our distress, by this act of humanity, he had, considerably, augmented it.

" The cry for water, now, greatly exceeded the original demand ; and the scramble was become so frenzied, that my hat was seized 'ere it could be half received through the bars, so that the greater part, if not the whole, of the water, was lost in the struggle.

At length, the crowd toward the window became insupportable. Urged by despair, my surviving companions, with one accord, seemed to have collected all their remaining force; but

being unable to break through the intervening ranks, before the window, they devised the plan of mounting on the backs of those who stood before them, whom they soon brought to the ground, and thus approached, step by step, over the dead bodies, to the window.

" The eloquence of despair is inconceivable !—confusion increased its horrors !—the Corporal ceased to hand us water, and went away.

" Great God! what were my sufferings! I was dovetailed, as it were, to the spot I occupied. My right hand had been driven from its gripe, and nothing less than the grasp of madness could have maintained my hold with the left. Three or four persons, successively, mounted on my back, where they remained till exhausted nature dropped them, like surfeited leeches, from their occupancy.

" Thus oppressed, and melting with

perspiration, it occurred to me that I might, greatly, alleviate my sufferings, by suction from the sleeves and bosom of my shirt—for I had fortunately thrown off my coat on entering the dungeon—the relief was infinite; but my companions perceiving the stratagem I had adopted, seized on my treasure to the right and left. I then forced out my tongue to catch the big drops as they fell from my forehead—never had I experienced such a luxury!

" At about five o'clock in the morn-

ing, owing, I believe, to the representations of the Corporal, who had before assisted us, an order came for our release. The desire of regaining the open air, was so imperious, that many of my half-dead companions crawled into the yard, and perished almost instantly.

" This spectacle, which I witnessed from my grated window, made me more careful. I continued, sometime, in the dungeon, after the others had left it, till the putrescency of the dead bodies

forced me away. But, previous to my quitting this scene of horror, I stripped one of my dead companions of a large redingote; to which precaution, I believe, I was indebted for the ultimate preservation of my life.

"Of the one hundred and thirteen which had been been confined, only seventeen survived. We were ordered to the guard-house about nine, and one was the hour appointed for our execution.

" So far from being dismayed at this sentence, I received it with a smile of welcome. I had suffered so much during the preceding night, and nature was so exhausted within me, that I should have hailed, with rapture, a more immediate release from misery.

" Refreshments, however, were brought to us, and I drank a little sour wine—the bread I could not touch—my stomach loathed food—and instead of finding myself relieved by the wine,

a nausea of the whole system followed. I bled, copiously, at the nose and ears, and, finally, fainted away in a corner of the guard-room.

" When I recovered, I found myself in a handsome bed, with the appearance of every comfort around me. What I saw, and the recollection of what I had undergone, clashed with the returning powers of my re-animated senses, and I felt unable to form any rational conclusion.

" I, however, afterwards learnt, that as soon as it was properly understood, that an English officer was among the prisoners, orders had been given for my reprieve—the remaining sixteen were executed.

" By the peculiar blessing of Providence, it happened, that the white wife of one of the black Maréchaussée officers, chanced to hear my name, with the addition of my having been Commissary at St. Marc, to which accidental discovery I was, once more,

indebted for the continued preservation of my existence.

"This Lady was about two and twenty; had been educated in France, and was, I understood, equally lovely and accomplished. She had been three years married to the Collector of the port of Jacmel, a brave and vigilant officer, who had particularly distinguished himself in opposing the Brigands, from their earliest insurrection.

"At length, a banditti formed in

the town, surrounded his house in the middle of the night, and bore himself, his wife, and their two infant children to the enemy's advanced camp, near the suburbs. The husband and the wife were stripped naked, and bound together: and when the flinty pebbles made them halt, on their excruciating march, they were goaded forward with the points of bayonets. The procession was headed by two pikemen, bearing the bodies of the children, spitted on their spears.

" Arriving at their destination, the wretched husband was fastened to a stake, by a chain that circled his middle. His tongue, nose, ears, and privities were, then, cut off and presented, with mock ceremony, to his wife. His body was, afterwards, quartered and laid at her feet. Nature was unable to support the conflict, and the wretched woman fell senseless to the ground.

" Recovering, towards morning, she

found herself unguarded; and, by listening, discovered all the camp was hushed in silence. She was not bound —most probably from a supposition that she was dead: and terror inspired her with courage to attempt her escape.

"The pikes, with the bodies of her two murdered infants, had been planted in the ground by her side. She, frantically, seized one, which she, easily, tore up; then ran, with all possible speed, towards the sea-side, which was not far distant—disengaging, in her

flight, the corpse from the spear; clasping it beneath one arm, while she, ferociously, determined to resist, with the other, any attempt to impede her progress.

"She reached the shore, and found a small fishing canoe, but without paddles. She, instantly, committed herself and her dead infant to the little bark, and put out to sea—paddling with her spear.

"In this situation, she was, for two days, exposed to the mercy of the elements; which were, however, serene: but with no other prospect than death, being in want of common sustenance.

"She had resolved to die; and, fondling her dear little companion to her bosom, she extended herself the length of the canoe, patiently and piously awaiting her dissolution.

Towards the close of the second day, however, the canoe was descried

by a row-boat; and the people, on board, thinking it adrift, made up to take it in tow.

"Nature had exerted herself to the utmost—female heroism could do no more!

"This wretched Lady became the *compelled* wife of her deliverer; who, afterwards, was appointed Captain of the Maréchaussée at Gonaives--She was, I found, sister to a Lady, at Saint Marc, for whom I entertained the most re-

spectful friendship, and to whom I had been, fortunately, enabled to render some trifling services.

"And thus was I rewarded!—but my humane and generous protectress never suffered me to see her. I was supplied with money, and allowed to go a few miles into the country, for the recovery of my health, which was cruelly shattered.

"Here, I past some months: the rainy seasons set in, and, in aggrava-

tion to my former weakness, I was seized with a tertian fever and ague, which reduced me to a perfect skeleton.

"All this time, I wanted nothing that the most attentive friendship and benevolence could bestow on me; and, when I had, in some degree, recovered my strength, a cartel was appointed, expressly, to take me down to Jamaica.

"On the day appointed for my sailing, I was summoned into the presence of General Toussaint, who was

dressed in a blue uniform, very richly laced, and attended by a great number of officers, many of whom were white. He received me very graciously, telling me, he deplored the circumstance which had occasioned me so much illness—that an Englishman was a brave enemy, and, by the policy of nations, the natural enemy of France, consequently entitled to all the honorable distinctions due to the fortune of war.

"But,"—added he, "when Frenchmen arm against Frenchmen—it is a

traitor's cause, and must be punished with death."

He, then, nodded his leave for my departure, and I was attended, on board, by a file of men who shewed me great respect.

" Arriving at Port-Royal, in Jamaica, I found I had unfortunately lost the packet by two days: but as my health was still very precarious, I thought I could not quit the West Indies too precipitately—I, therefore,

took my passage on board a Bristol running ship, that sailed in course of the week.

"Our voyage has, hitherto, been prosperous; my health is greatly re-established; and, in ten days, we hope to make our port.

"If we never meet again, my amiable cousin, accept this last testimonial of my remembrance, with the little independence I have acquired. The distressed scenes I have witnessed in Saint Domingo, have greatly weaned me

from the misanthropy, with which I landed in that ill-fated country—but this softened sentiment extends, alone, to the unfortunate—the great world I would shun, as I would a raging pestilence.

"Beware, beautiful Ellen, how you dispose of your hand—It is not always the most accomplished exterior that ornaments the most virtuous principles. Fashionable life is a whirlpool, and its votaries malignant sprites, who, under smiles of welcome, lure the unwary to their ruin.

"May God, in his infinite mercy, for ever bless you!

M. BURGOYNE."

At Sea—
March 27th, 1799.

["It remains for *me* to state, that the vessel was driven, by stress of weather, off the Irish coast, and made the port of Cork; from whence our Hero, *unconscious of a motive* for the step, determined on visiting Ireland. The result we know."]

Over this unembellished narrative, our Heroine shed many a tear: and, in spite of her most virtuous resolves,

she *felt* an interest she could not conceal from herself, towards the amiable object of her tenderest sympathy.

With Montague, the first glance of his cousin was decisive! and the more he attempted to argue against the romantic perplexities of love, at first sight, the more he entangled his feelings in a labyrinth of indefinable, but imperious, emotions; which, at the end of a few sleepless nights, satisfied him, beyond a doubt, that he was in love—heart and soul—with a married woman!

Then, recollection flew back to the offer Ellen *had* made to him of her hand—not spontaneously, it was true—but did it, therefore, argue that her inclinations might not have been taught to approve her ready obedience to the last will of her uncle?

It was a question calculated to puzzle a casuist; but with a lover it was "*luce clarius*"—she would have loved with an ardour equal to his own—he *might* have been the most enviable of

mankind—had he not, madly, rejected his own happiness.

And, lest argument should be wanting to establish a fact--already incontrovertible—he proved, beyond all doubt, —to himself—that fate had predetermined their loves, and that all mortal resistance would, henceforth, be fruitless.

With this conviction, he suffered his frenzied mind to indulge the most visionary prospect, without, however,

forming a single wish derogatory to the honor of her whom he adored.

A constrained politeness, therefore, painfully marked the mutual attentions of Montague and Ellen; while the General, self-devoting himself to the most excruciating pangs of renewed jealousy, gazed on the objects of his suspicion with such mental anguish, as we may suppose to have tormented Satan, when enviously contemplating the pure affection of our first parents, in Paradise.

Meanwhile Montague, having received remittances from his agent in London, was compelled to feel the necessity of his almost immediate departure from his hospitable friends; he, therefore, in proposing a visit, with the gentlemen, to the humble dwelling of the philanthropic Fisherman, took occasion to declare his intention to sail for England on the following Monday.

But Mrs. O'Connor, having communicated with her husband, on the evident misery to which their friend, the

General, was a self-devoted martyr, it was their opinion, that although the departure of Mr. Burgoyne would release the unhappy husband from any apprehensions he might attach to his presence, yet it would not eradicate the disease.

With this view—benevolent if not political—they resolved to protract the visit of their restored guest, who had considerably engaged their esteem, with a view that the strictly correct behaviour of the Cousin's to each other,

might, by its striking example, satisfy the General that all his apprehensions were unfounded—They, therefore, persisted, in the true spirit of Irish hospitality, to detain their *willing* prisoner.

By way of variety, the Ladies joined in the party to Phelim Delany's, and drove thither, on a low jaunting car, along the sands.

On their arrival at the Cabin, they found Catty and her five children at dinner. They all arose, from their

humble meal, to give the grand Gentry welcome; and, notwithstanding the pressing solicitations of the party to the contrary, they were not to be prevailed upon to conclude their dinner—"They hoped they knew better."

The family was seated on low stools round one much higher, which served them for a table; on which, an immense bowl of potatoes smoked, garnished, in the middle, with fish that had been dried in the sun.

The cabin, was of mud, after the fashion of the country, but of a superior order—consisting of a lofty unceiled apartment, cleanly whitewashed; the dormitory was partitioned off, and the chimney-piece—a great rarity—displayed the treasures of their household. The roof was well secured against the weather, having a layer of *scraws

* According to Dr. Johnson, "a flaying off the green surface of the ground, to cover their cabins"—many of which have no other outward roofing.

between the skeleton and the thatch, which is an expensive, but efficacious, mode of keeping the hut dry.

An out-house where they entertained two *Murphy's*, and a little garden, completed their establishment.

The Priest, as we understood from Catty, was gone to a wedding at the extremity of his parish, and Phelim was out in his fishing boat.

Here, it may not be amiss to describe

the ceremonials of a wedding, after the manner of Bell, "on the ancient Irish peasantry."

"There was a strange peculiarity in the manner of the Irish, that, on occasions of great joy and merriment, indulged itself in grief and melancholy; and, under circumstances of mourning and sorrow, drove them, headlong, into the most extravagant mirth.

"At a wedding feast, they felt un-

common pleasure in singing and listening to the most plaintive ditties; and, if they had drank any quantity of whiskey, they would whine and weep at the relation of some woeful story. But, on the death of a neighbour and friend—although they went for the avowed purpose of weeping over the dead body—yet, in the very room where it was laid out, they would spend the night in performing all kinds of sports, and gambols, that were calculated to excite laughter.

" Those peasants, who could afford the expense, used to give a feast to all their relations and neighbours, when any female belonging to their family married. The dinner, which was the only meal on this occasion, generally consisted of mutton, salt pork, bacon, and poultry; with an abundance of potatoes, and common garden vegetables. All these articles were supplied from the stock of the person who furnished the entertained: but sometimes the relations of the parties would,

each, contribute a share towards the wedding feast.

" No part of the fare was purchased by money, except the whiskey, or beer —the latter was not, always, to be procured.

" The chief person, at the entertainment, was the Parish Priest. The next, in pre-eminence, the 'Squire; but it was not every country gentleman who could attain the honor of being present at a

wedding feast: for if he had not resided long in the neighbourhood—if he had not, by a gentle and familiar deportment (but, above all, by conversing with the peasants in the Irish language), commanded their esteem, and conciliated their affection, he would not have been invited.

" Next, in precedency, was the Musician, without whom the entertainment would have been incomplete. He was, generally, a performer on the bag-pipes;

and the host was, often, obliged to send for one to the distance of twenty or thirty miles.

" Doors taken off their hinges, and laid across benches, constituted a dinner table, of which, no part was covered with a cloth, except the head, where the Priest sat as president, a lord, over all the guests, and had the most delicate of the viands placed before him: the others sat in order, according to their rank, which was estimated by the considera-

tion of their property, their age, and their reputation.

" The meat was, usually, cut into pieces about the size of brick-bats, and placed along the table in large wooden platters, out of which the guests helped themselves, often, without the aid of knives and forks: for the few instruments, of this kind, which could be procured, were appropriated to the service of the Priest, and the select party whom he chose to honor with his conversation.

" The host and hostess, instead of sitting down to dinner, waited upon the company, and pressed them to eat with an earnestness and familiarity, that would have been highly disgusting to persons of more refined manners. The marriage ceremony was, usually, performed before dinner; and, on this occasion, it was, sometimes necessary to force the timorous bride from the place where she had concealed herself, on the first approach of the company, who, amused themselves, the remainder of

the day, in dancing, singing, and drinking.

" The Priest retired about eight, or nine, o'clock: and if great care was not taken after that hour, to prevent the distribution of liquor, the night would have ended in intoxication, riot, quarrelling, and bloodshed.

" In the course of a week, or a fortnight, the bridegroom took his wife home to his own habitation—the por-

tion he received with her, consisted, chiefly, in cattle.

" In places were English laws, and English manners, were unknown, the married women were, always, called by their maiden names."

The bag-pipe, mentioned in the above account, as being so essential to a wedding feast, is, and always has been, a favorite instrument with the lower order of Irish; but as a national instrument,

it yields, in point of consequence, to the harp—although the latter has lost its prevalence since the days of Elizabeth; which Princess was so jealous of the influence of the Bards, that she caused acts of Parliament to be passed, not only against them, but against all who entertained them. Still, however, itinerant harpers traverse the country, from one extremity to another, subsisting on the liberal alms they receive.

A taste for music is intuitive in Ire-

land—probably from the early introduction of Bards into that country; but the science was not long confined to their order. Virgins soon learnt to touch the harp, and compose extempore verses, in honor of their lovers, when absent in the field of battle—and this, long before any of the useful arts were known among females—till, at length, it became as necessary an accomplishment, in those days, to sweep the harp with expression and melody, as, at the present day, to rival Parisot

in the voluptuous attitudes of the shawl pas seul.

After the invasion of the English, the Irish music assumed a new character —the sprightly notes in Phrygian measure, yielded to the soft cadence of the Lydian: for the bards deplored, with true patriotic sensibility and affliction, the reduction of their kingdom. Thus, sinking beneath the weight of sympathetic sorrow, their Muse became melancholy; and their strains were, consequently, plaintive.

Originally, the Bards attended at funerals of persons of distinction, when they sang a Requiem, assisted by minstrels, who, occasionally, chaunted a chorus—now, these rights are, mostly, performed by *mercenary female mourners, particularly in Munster and Connaught.

When a person of distinction dies, a certain number of female mourners attend the funeral, dressed—sometimes in

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* Vide Walker's Historical Memoirs.

white, and sometimes in black—singing, as they slowly proceed after the hearse, extempore odes; in which they extol, in fulsome panegyric, every private and public virtue of the deceased; and earnestly expostulate, with the cold corpse, for relinquishing the many blessings the world affords.

Among the modern Bards, the most remarkable is Cormac Dall—or Blind Cormac—he was born near Ballindangan, in the County of Mayo, in

1703; and lost his sight, the first year, in the small-pox.

His knowledge of the harp was trifling, and that knowledge neglected: his more favored study was poetry, to which he gave his attention, so enthusiastically, that he could recite all the legendary tales of his country—many originating in the ancient Druids—so that, as he grew to manhood, he became, at once, entertaing and instructive: he was not only a welcome guest

at country fairs or wakes, but a personage much sought after at the hospitable halls of country 'Squires.

Naturally endowed with a sweet voice, and a good ear, his narrations might be styled the very soul of melody—but, in the national airs of the celebrated Carolan, or in Oisins famed hunting song, he enraptured his audience.

His memory being remarkably retentive, he was a great retailer of anec-

dotes, one of which, respecting the justly celebrated song of "*Eibhlin a Ruin*," cannot be fatiguing to the reader.

"Carrol O'Daly—brother to Donnough-more O'Daly, a man of much consequence, then in Connaught--about two centuries ago, paid his addresses to Miss Eliza Kavanagh.

"The Lady received him favorably; and, at length, promised him her hand: but the match, for some reason now for-

gotten, was broken off, and another gentleman chosen to be the husband of the fair Elinor.

" Of this, Carroll, still the fond lover, received intimation; upon which, disguised as a *Jugleur* — or Jugler---he hastened to her father's house, which he found filled with guests, who had been invited to the wedding.

" Having amused the company, awhile, with some tricks of legerdemain, he took up his harp, and played and

sang the *Eibhlin a Ruin*, which he had composed for the occasion.

" This, and a private signal, discovered him to his mistress. The flame which he had lighted in her breast, and which her friends had, in vain, endeavoured to smother, now glowed afresh, and she determined to reward so faithful a lover.

" To do this, but one method now remained, and that was an immediate elopement. This she effected, by con-

triving to inebriate her father and all his guests."

Though extremely old, and his utterance much impaired by the loss of his teeth, Cormac continues to wander about the country, led by one of his grandsons; and receives money, diet, and clothing, from the respective gentry on whom he calls.

His dress is always decent---and he does not appear solicitous to be rich beyond the comforts of life. In moral

character, he is unimpeachable; and, in person large and muscular.

We return to Catty Delany's cabin; at which, our party passed a short half hour. The object of Montague's visit had been---not to remunerate, for that was impossible---but to encourage benevolence, by enriching its comforts. Catty and her barefooted family were very voluble in their expressions of gratitude; with which, indeed, they loudly continued to follow the carriage till it had rolled beyond hearing---

For the Reverend Doctor, the good Father O'Mooney, he left a letter, expressive of his warmest thanks, with a handsome enclosure.

Although the manner and munificence, with which our hero treated this subject, as well as the refinement he displayed on all others, seemed to *claim* the respect and esteem of his friends---the General evinced, more and more, decided symptoms of moroseness, in proportion as the merit of his ideal rival appeared to *compel* his friendship.

Ellen, with a heart full of anguish, yet beating with every honorable feeling, found the severity of her destiny encrease with the coming day; but, from the coming day, the mild and sterling virtues of her heart, acquired new stability.

What an agonizing situation for a young and beautiful female!

Still, obedient to her character, instead of resenting the ill humor of her husband, by any return of pettishness,

she devoted herself to the task of keeping alive, by every artifice in her power, that portion of her esteem, which his conduct hourly endeavoured to extinguish.

Suspicion is the cowardly inmate of a contracted mind; and, when cherished in the married state, must, eventually, destroy the affections, which can only be excited and nourished by mutual confidence.

It is, of all others, an emotion, by

which the virtuous mind feels most degraded, and too frequently realizes the ruin of which it was merely the distempered vision.

It might have been difficult, long, to have supported this contest with dignity; which, more and more agitated the bosom of the devoted Ellen, had not her sorrows found the sweetest soothings, and her virtuous struggles the warmest approbation, in the affectionate support of her amiable friend.

Yet feeling—how could she persuade herself, that she did not feel!—or suffering, how could she silence the emotions of her heart!

But there are evils, in this world, which no human foresight can teach us to avert—or purity of intention enable us to escape: the trial, alone, depends on self: by our own conduct we must rise or fall.

"Great Governor of Nature!"—said

I to myself—"wherever thy Providence shall place me, for the trials of my virtue—whatever is my danger—whatever is my situation—let me feel the movements which rise out of it, and which belong to me as a man—and if I govern them as a good one—I trust the issues to Thy Justice, for Thou hast made us, and not we ourselves.!"

I do not aver, that our Heroine was a philosopher, in the school of the sentimental Yorick; but I believe she con-

fessed, to herself, the truth of the above aphorism; and, although she could not silence the emotions of her heart, she relied, confidently, on the rectitude of her conduct.

Frequent parties enlivened the family at the Pavilion, as the summer approached; yet, notwithstanding the General was pleased with his bottle and his boon companion, his pleasantry evaporated with the departure of the company; and a sullen melancholy,

was the rude society he exchanged with his friends.

At length Montague—whose affection had grown into a disease, that preyed upon his very vitals—resolved to tear himself, for ever, from the innocent occasion of his misery: and, having understood, from Mr. O'Connor, that there was an island, six or seven miles off the north coast of Antrim, opposite to Ballycastle Bay, he resolved to exile himself, thither, for the remainder of his days.

Having consulted Father O'Mooney, on the subject, he found him perfectly conversant with the history of the island —which is called RAGHERY—and thus described:

The island of Raghery was, formerly, a part of the main land; but has been separated by some extraordinary convulsion of nature. It is between four and five miles in length, and about three quarters of a mile in breadth. It is well cultivated, and produces excellent barley: the inhabitants

of which there are about one thousand, are a simple, laborious, honest race of people, so attached to their island, that, generally speaking, no advantages could bribe them to emigrate. Indeed, so confined is their knowledge, that they speak of Ireland, as a foreign kingdom; and have scarcely any intercourse with it.

"Their laws are as simple as their habits: a cow, or a horse, is seized for a day or two, to convince the defaulter he is cognizable to a superior

power, and then released. A drench of salt water is another punishment for petty offences; but when the culprit is hardened, the ne plus ultra of disgrace is banishment to Ireland.

" In a * spot, thus sequestered, it

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* The Reverend William Hamilton (who describes this island, in letters, written on the northern coast of the county of Antrim) contends, that the round towers of Ireland—the subterraneous gallery, lately discovered under ground at Ballycastle—and the various gems, instruments of peace and war, curious and costly ornaments,

would be natural to expect bigotry and superstition in full growth: but the simplicity of these Islanders does not foster any uncharitable tenets: they display their good will towards the established Church in a way that would be worthy the example of all Ireland.

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daily dug out of the earth—are irrefragable testimonies that the arts once flourished in Ireland.

He, therefore, adduces the authority of the Venerable Bade, and other ancient authors, to prove, *that Ireland was, many centuries ago, a rich and happy kingdom, undisturbed by those bloody wars which harassed the rest of the world; as well as the seat of learning and piety.*

When they have got in their own harvest, they give the parson a day of their horses and carts, and bring the entire tythe home to his farm yard."

In this retreat of innocence and unsophisticated nature, Montague resolved to bury all his worldly miseries; and, calmly tempered by resignation, to await the final decree of Providence.

But, what are the resolves of man, set up in open rebellion against nature? What are the dull and the sys-

tematic admonitions of philosophy, when every feeling of the heart—every throb and pulse of the frame—vibrate against its clay-cold ordinances?

Yet was the day of separation appointed; and the O'Connors—anxious to do right, but fearful to do wrong—no longer opposed the proposition.

The eventful morning dawned!—Father O'Mooney was ready to accompany our Hero to his exile; their horses waited: The General was obliged

to go to Dublin, on his military avocations, and Mr. O'Connor had promised to be his fellow-traveller: their carriage was at the door.

Ellen had fortified her mind with all the aids of a cultivated understanding, and religious principles, to meet the occasion—It was trying: for Ellen—with all her sense of strict decorum, and adherence to its tenets—could not mentally deny that she *felt* she was beloved.

Reader, the language of the lip is a

flippant passport of certain sentences, arrayed by form, and uttered with specific views. In gallantry, it is, often, a tickling of the tongue employed to ensnare the senses; and is, like a dream, confined to empty sound.

But the language of the heart speaks in every feature; love gives eloquence to the eyes—marks the action—and makes itself perfectly understood by "trifles light as air:"—yet indelible as light.

Hence, the avowal of that secret, which Ellen dreaded to acknowledge to her own palpitating heart—but the familiarity, in which they lived, had never been prophaned beyond a sigh, either unconsciously murmured, or delicately repented.

It it true, the habit of meeting daily, their relationship, their purity, might, in time, have worn off the awkwardness of their respective emotions, had not Montague felt how impossible it was for such a woman as his cousin, to

love such a man as her husband; and, had not Ellen, too severely, proved that her forced spirits could not be sustained under the weight of perpetual vexations, occasioned by the never ceasing caprices of a man, who would not *let* her try to esteem and to respect him.

Meanwhile the General read, with encreasing agony, a coincidence of manners and sentiments, in this ill-fated pair, which fanned his jealousy almost into madness.

On the most trifling subjects of accidental conversation, they appeared, to him, as beings issuing from the same mould—their taste, their opinions, their recreations, seemed the effect of one impulse. Still, the penetrating eye of watchful suspicion could not discern aught to the prejudice of either, save their exemplary virtues, which he conjured into crimes, as they, more intimately, allied them to each other.

Thus variously actuated, the party met at breakfast; and, though each

strove to be cheerful—the effort was constrained and unsuccessful.

At length, Montague arose to depart.

"We shall hope to hear from you often, my good friend,"—said Mr. O'Connor, with friendly solicitude.

"And when you are tired of seclusion,"—added Mrs. O'Connor, "remember, Mr. Burgoyne, you have

friends, at the Pavilion, who will be most happy to see you."

"We shall soon return to England," —said the General—"make haste to join us, Montague, and try *our* hospitality."

Ellen looked at her husband, as he concluded these strange words, but could not read any thing, in his countenance, to belie their expressions. They appeared, to her, an involuntary tribute to the merits of Montague,

which circumstances had forced into action. She hailed it as a blessed omen—"The heart of the General, surely, was not vitiated—it was, merely, suffering under a delusion."

"Oh!"—thought she—"would he but *allow* me to make him happy!"

At this moment, our Hero approached to take her hand; and all idea of making *another* happy, vanished at the electric touch.

Having pressed a hand of each of the Ladies, with his lips, and exchanged a friendly grasp with each of the Gentlemen, he exclaimed, emphatically,

" God bless you all !"—then hastily left the room.

" By Saint Patrick"—muttered the Priest, following—" but this same ceremony of taking leave, among friends, is a custom more to be honored in the breach than the observance; and, by the same token, my heart is as full as

a basket of eggs, just going to market; so it's time to be jogging, before I catch a cold in my eyes, and make them run salt-water; for all the world, like the scuppers of an old crazy vessel, hard upon foundering--and so the Lord be with you all."

In a few minutes the Ladies were left alone. Ellen bore the shock with great fortitude; and her amiable friend, thinking it best not even to name the subject, for the present, conducted her to the little work room, where they

usually passed the early part of their mornings.

The Pavilion was built on an eminence, that surrounded an extensive lawn, gradually sloping—in an uninterrupted view—to the sea. Around the lawn was a shrubbery; and, partly concealed within its foliage, stood the little room of which I am speaking: it communicated with the main building through the Green-house.

After a little cheerful chat, Mrs.

O'Connor judging her friend would be best pleased with an hour of solitude, left her on some slight pretence, which removed all idea of design; and poor Ellen soon fell into a train of reverie, from which all unpleasant retrospect was banished: a delightful vision, of ideal happiness, wholly occupied her dreaming senses.

Yielding to the soft languor of this floating inspiration, she extended her beauteous form along the sofa on which she had been sitting: a slender veil

pinned, carelessly, around her forehead, gave a partial shadow to her features—previously softened by the delusive recreations of her fancy—and contributed to harmonize the whole.

Her left hand hung, listlessly, adown her side, scarcely compressing the little volume it still held. The light drapery of her morning habit exposed the lovely contour of her limbs—a delicious tremor gave undulation to the covering of her bosom—her lips were swelled almost to bursting ripeness--she gasped

with inarticulate emotion—and Love, for the moment, triumphed in her wildly beating heart.

But it was a triumph free from voluptuousness—she appeared like the timid Zephyr exchanging the first kiss of love on the bosom of Spring—ardent, yet modest.

At this eventful moment, Destiny, still big with inventive torments, conducted Montague to the latticed door of the recess, temptingly half open,

but concealed, from Ellen's observation, by the position she had assumed.

Montague, instinctively, paused to ponder, with rapture, on the scene before him—he feared to prophane the privacy of the goddess of his affections—he trembled, yet gazed—a giddiness seized on his brain—he was, no longer, master of himself.

Advancing, on a light tip-toe, he approached the sofa, just as a lengthened

balmy sigh escaped from the lips of Ellen, the unconscious tell-tale of her inward feelings.

Falling at her feet, he breathed, in modulated tones, the name of her whom he adored: then, pressed upon her lilly hand a burning kiss.

Surprise, terror, agitation, duty, love, —with the rapidity of thought, crowded on her recollection: all, within, was tumult—that heart, which had,

till lately, beaten by rule within it's lovely lodging, was now turbulent and unruly — she feared the presence of her cousin; but had no power to dismiss him—the electric sparks of unresisted love communicated a sudden, but mutually impressive, shock: caution deserted his post—and love, alone, was centinel—

Maddened, by the irresistibility of his feelings, Montague gently circled the beauteous form of Ellen—the elas-

ticity of her waist yielded to his delicate embrace—he was emboldened by the magic of the touch, and darted his burning lips towards the pouting treasures of the trembling Ellen.

" This was the first kiss of love.

" And, thus, the bashful virgin, who has long cherished the sweetly painful novelty of a first passion—nor suffers a look to betray her secret—bursts from concealment.

" There is a critical moment in the

kalendar of love—and its power is infinite!

"Native coyness yields to the claims of sensibility, while the bewitching rapture, which lip to lip communicates, intoxicates the senses—it lulls the rigid guardians of a female's fears to sleep, but does not affect the more sterling purity of her heart—and the conscious blush, which follows the enjoyment, chastens the bliss."

For a moment, Ellen lay entranced

within the frenzied embrace of the daring Montague—her languid cheek reposed upon his bosom; and her throbbing heart spoke volumes through her own: when, by a sudden—energetic—and decisive—spring, she started from the embrace that folded her, and flew through the Green-house, exclaiming, in tones of anguish—

"Inhuman Montague!—we part for ever!"—

Let us, now, account for this apparent harlequinade.

Our Hero and the good Priest set off on a brisk trot, attended by a single groom; but they were soon obliged to vary their paces with the road.

" Botheration: but this is nothing, at all, at all,"—said the Reverend Father, distending his rosy gills—" wait till I shew you something—'tis a finger-post, jewel, that will teach you the rules of comparison, as pat as any grammarian in all Ireland."

" Pray what may that be, Doctor?"

" Oh, 'tis a neat little distich, beautifully written on a great big board, to comfort travellers when they are weather-bound in the middle of a bog.

" Had you come by these * roads, before they were made,
" You'd lift up your winkers, and bless Marshal Wade."

In this manner, the Doctor cheated

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* In Suffolk there is a sign-post, thus descriptive.

" When the water is above the top of this post, it is dangerous to cross.

his companion of the weariness of their road, till they came in sight of a miserable hovel, *elegantly* contrived for the accommodation of travellers, and distinguished by a sign-post, announcing in irregular characters,

"Dry lodgings to be let."

"This was an enigma, beyond the comprehension of Montague—as this *dry* lodging-house consisted of a sort of spacious barn, constructed of loose stones, piled together without cement, and covered, at top, with a thatch.

partook more the properties of a sieve, than any thing else." On application to the Doctor, however, he understood, "*Dry Lodgings*" to mean, "Lodgings without whiskey."

They had, scarcely, passed this seat of public entertainment, 'ere they encountered a poor peasant—buried up to his knees in a bog—lamenting, in an Irish howl, the fate of his companion, a poor half-famished cow, in the same plight with himself. The poor man

had long been fruitlessly endeavoring to relieve his companion from her bondage: but whether the plungings of the poor creature, or the howlings of the poor peasant, occasioned the disaster, certain it is, the Priest's horse reared upon his hind legs, as he approached the side of the bog; when his Reverence, being an unskilful horseman, checked the affrighted animal, and both fell backward with a violent concussion.

For some time, Montague thought

his benevolent friend was dead—the peasant, with difficulty, quitted the bog to attend the Priest, casting, however, a wistful eye, every now and then, on his poor cow—like a methodist parson, between the *flesh* and the *spirit*—his heart and soul were with the cow, his duty and his exertions with the Priest.

With some difficulty, the Priest was conveyed to the public-house they had just passed, when he came to his senses; but declared, with a groan, "that he feared his back was broken."

"Hubaboo! — Hubaboo!" — vociferated one of the bye-standers—"by Jasus his Reverence is not dead—he is only speechless; do let him tell us, at once, what's the matter with him."

A neighbouring blacksmith was sent for, who let the Priest blood; but he complained so violently of his back, that it was not possible to move him from the pallet on which he had been placed.

In this situation, Montague would

not even trust to his servant; but hastened back, to the Pavilion, to procure a mattress and the jaunting car. On his arrival, his impatience was answered by a servant, who directed him to the work-room, where he would find the Ladies.

His singular rencontre, however, with his Cousin, made him forget the humane purport of his journey; and it was not till sometime after her departure, that his senses recovered their tones.

Transfixed by an emotion he could not controul, Montague stood gazing on the passage, through the Greenhouse, for many minutes after the disappearance of Ellen—then, suddenly, recollecting her parting words, a chill ran through his veins, and a cold perspiration damped his forehead.

"Inhuman Montague!—we part for ever!—"

The repetition of these words, accompanied by a sense that he deserved

them, palsied his frame, and he must have fallen to the ground, had he not staggered, for support, to the arm of the sofa; where, after a pause of anguish, he regained the memory of his mission.

Seeking Mrs. O'Connor, he told her he had alarmed his Cousin by his sudden return, and entreated she would administer relief to her flurried spirits; then, describing the accident that had befallen the Priest, orders were given

to prepare the car, and he departed more like a maniac than a rational being, to relieve his benefactor.

Of Ellen's feelings it will be difficult to speak. The moment she had gained her apartment, she threw herself on the bed, and happily burst into a flood of tears.

At one moment, she condemned the conduct of Montague with great severity—at another, she excused it---still,

under the impression that he had sought to invade her privacy, indignation was the predominant feeling of her soul.

Recovering, however, from this extreme of agitation, she sought to quiet her mind, by a recapitulation of the, till now, unvaried propriety of Montague's conduct; but the remembrance, so far from alleviating, encreased her every apprehension. She could not separate his love from his respect---and feared, in addition to the wreck of her peace,

that of her reputation. She trembled in contemplating the future, as much as she was agonized in reviewing the past. The General would see the agitation and alarm of her mind; he would not analyze their source with truth, but he would confound sensibility with guilt.

To Mrs. O'Connor she repeated, or rather described, the scene that had just passed---for love had been eloquent beyond the power of words---accusing

Montague, but more harshly condemning herself. Mrs. O'Connor, however, judged human nature as it was, not as it should be. She saw the insidious encroachments of love daringly alluring; but she, also, saw the voice of virtue bold in repelling it's advances. She, therefore, still continued the soothings of a friend, without fearing to deviate from the true spirit that ought to govern the ordinances of virtue.

But these amiable friends were not

long left to the endearments of mutual esteem. The General, in a few days, returned alone from Dublin; and, with a rude want of preparation, desired his wife to attend him to Merrion Square; where---he said---his constant presence was become necessary, on account of the increasing disturbances in the North.

To recal the public attention to those scenes of anarchy and bloodshed, which were enacted about this period in Ireland, would be to harrow up remem-

brances, more politically, consigned to oblivion; in the hope, that neither bigotry nor superstition, will ever, again, arouze a frenzied populace to similar acts of desperate cruelty and remorseless bloodshed.

But the detail of an event, in the interior of Ireland, compares so strongly with another event in the interior of France, that I will relate both to show how far the spirit of revolution is disgraceful to the character of the revolutionist.

A beautiful young lady, in the County of —— was requested, one day after dinner, to amuse the company with a song; when she---in the gaiety of her heart---sang, with great glee, the popular air of "*Croppies lie down.*"

At midnight, the house was beset; and the young lady was murdered for the offence.

But this was the act of a licentious rabble: if the reader shudders at the

fact, what will he say, to find a similar murder committed in France—by order of the Magistracy—under the system of Liberty and Equality, *said* to be prevalent throughout the Commonwealth.

On a day that news had arrived of the defeat of the French by the Austrians, two young ladies of consideration were heard to play and sing, "*Ca Ira*;" of which, information being given to the Police, they were, instantly, arrested; and, after a mock trial, guillo-

tined for rejoicing at the ill successes of the Republican troops.

All Ireland was, now, in commotion; and the pretext was used, by the General, to steal his wife from the only enjoyment she had — the friendship of Mrs. O'Connor—that he might, the more freely, make her feel all the tormenting effects of his selfish, suspicious, and tyrannical disposition, which had, acquired new elasticity, in all it's compounded variety of action,

by means unbecoming his character as a Gentleman: he had, meanly, bribed a domestic to watch his wife; and this venial scoundrel had reported, to him, the immediate return of Mr. Burgoyne, with such comments as a low mind, raised into consequence by the degradation of a superior, always usurps the privilege of suggesting.

Behold our Heroine, then, the miserable, yet unrepining companion of a man, whose every bad quality was inflamed, and whose every good one

was silenced, by a never-ceasing jealousy, that displayed itself in every unmanly, capricious, and cruel exercise of authority.

We will, however, leave Ellen—the victim of oppression and tyranny—in Dublin; and Montague—the prey of remorse—attending the sick couch of the good Priest; while we pursue the fugitive Pierrepoint and the volatile Louisa.

In order to account for their elope-

ment, it may be necessary to state, that the Baronet, taking advantage of her Ladyship's critical minute, had been, for some days, the happy lover, at the time the General proposed her return to England.

Devoted to the object of her ruin, she adored the traitor, whatever she might think on the treason: and determined on giving up herself to love and a cottage, unrestricted by any laws, save those of nature and inclination.

She, therefore, frankly told Pierrepoint her wishes, asking if he were *bold* enough to sanction them—otherwise her brother would, certainly, separate them for ever.

Pierrepoint, with all the ardour of love just blessed, was enraptured with the idea: swearing to devote his life to her, and repeating, with winning energy, the lines of Eloisa,

" Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
" Spreads his light wings, and, in a moment flies.

enjoy all the charms of nature in it's original purity."

Lady Louisa hung, delighted, on his arm, as he, enthusiastically, pronounced this eulogium on the county: and her fine eyes gazed, with pleasure, on the surrounding objects that bore testimony to it's truth.

With the early dawn, the happy pair arose; and, taking their Landlord:—loaded with a basket of provisions—for

their guide, they climbed the craggy mountain's side.

Here, they beheld the lofty cataract, whose descending foam, roaring from among the clustered rocks, richly laved the enamelled vale beneath: here, in a secret shade, impervious to the eye of common observation, the mountain-goat cropped the sweet verdure, that stealing streamlets, from the torrent, vegetates in little spaces between rock and rock: and when exercise had

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whetted their appetite, they repaired beneath the canopy of a well-foliaged oak, whose extended boughs were impenetrable to the rays of day; listening to the varied sound of distant and approaching waterfalls.

In this delightful neighbourhood, therefore, they resolved to settle; and having, shortly after, met with a spot, at once delightful and poetic, they raised a little Eden.

The side of a hill, on a platform of

ten acres, was the scite of their terrestrial paradise: to the right, were huge and misshapen rocks, marshalled in terrible array—to the left, a broad stream of water, issuing from a cascade, and forming a bason of the most pure and unruffled liquid; which meandered in labyrinths so sweetly shaded by privacy, that the chariest maid might have sought the lucid cooless of this transparent bath, without an intruding blush—beneath them a luxuriant plain.

Nothing could exceed the urbanity

of the natives. In strolling among their farms, and cottages, refreshment or repose, alike, awaited the stranger's acceptance. Lady Louisa was in love with this happy race of people, who are hale, robust, hardy, rosy-cheeked, and good-humored.

But, as all classes of society have a shade to set off their good qualities, we may set down the Welch for a very inquisitive people; and, to those who do not know them, they would, perhaps, appear rude.

Where are you going? Where do you come from? Where were you born? What's your name? Married or single?—and so forth.

But observation, soon, teaches the stranger, that these are more an habitual string of questions, arising from curiosity—if that can be called curiosity which has no motive—and attended to with as little interest as they are asked.

It is the same in America: when

Dr. Priestly returned thither, after a residence of some years in England, de desired, as soon as he put up at an Inn, that the Landlord might be called, and, having learnt from him the exact state of the family, he desired that his wife, his daughters, his sons, and his servants, from the bar-maid to the boots, might be assembled in the parlour, when he thus addressed them:

"My good friends, my name is Doctor Priestly—I came last from England, and am about to settle in New York—"

and so on, describing every particular of his intentions---past---present---and future---concluding with a request,

" That, if any question remained to be proposed, they would then ask it, and allow him to take his supper in peace."

But all these little eccentricities soon wore off---and six months passed, at the Cottage, without any material change in either of it's secluded inmates.

At length, Pierrepoint occasionally yawned; and yawning, every body knows, is catching----well then, both yawned; although neither knew the reason.

One morning, when Lady Louisa had a more than usual yawning fit npon her; she, suddenly, broke a lengthened silence, by asking Pierrepoint if he had ever read Rousseau.

"Certainly, my dear, I find him very charming."

"Sentimental you mean, Pierrepoint; but, after all, I believe sentiment to be solely founded on theory; and I recollect, somewhere, to have read, arguments in opposition to Rousseau's sublime lessons—but then, I *believe*, I was sentimental myself."

"Well," my love," and are you not so still?—but what were those arguments?"

"Oh; simply, that his positions

were very alluring; and calculated, for the moment, to ensnare the simple heart: but---according to this *Moralist* ---love dies in continued solitude the human heart is naturally restless---- eager in pursuing novelty: it requires to be fed with new ideas---new impressions---to strengthen and invigorate it's feelings: the most ardent love droops in retirement: we want comparison to make us happy: in the world we find that comparison, and thence *feel* the real value of the blessing we possess."

With a heigho, they prepared for their departure; meaning to return on the following summer. In a few days, their baggage, which was soon packed, was ready; and making the best of their way to Yarmouth, they embarked for the Continent.

For a time, change of scene, and perpetual variety of objects, kept their spirits afloat; so that they did not, immediately, perceive that they were becoming more fashionably indif-

different to each other: but, after a short residence at the Court of Vienna, Pierrepoint took an unceremonious leave of Lady Louisa, accompanied by a foreign Lady, of singular beauty, the young wife of a flannelled Nobleman, high in favor at Court.

Lady Louisa, thus deserted, and in a strange land, at first gave way to all that violence of manner, and exclamation, natural to wounded pride; but these hysterical rhapsodies were fol-

lowed by cool reasoning; and cool reasoning brought on repentance.

The ungrateful Pierrepoint; having left her Ladyship with a very slender purse, and many tradesmen's bills to pay, she was long at a loss how to relieve her necessities; till it occurred to to her, that an English Gentleman might assist her with his advice, who had been in habits of intimacy with her lover; and, who had been very frequent in his enquiries since their separation; although she continued not to

admit any visitor.

Mr. Edwards readily obeyed her summons, and communicated to her, the painful intelligence of her father's marriage with a common woman; which circumstance, he feared, would be a bar to any application she might make in that quarter: but he promised to procure her a safe conveyance for her letters; and delicately proposed himself as her banker, pending the arrival of her remittances.

Situated as Lady Louisa was, it would have been madness to have refused these obliging offers; and Mr. Edwards, afterwards, became her constant chaperon.

In as short a time as an answer could, possibly, have been expected, letters from the Earl arrived; in which, as a man of high fashion, he deplored the *publicity* of his daughter's amour; but assured her of his forgiveness; and that the *Countess* joined, with him, in offer-

ing her an asylum, which would, no doubt, after a time silence the public clamor against her, and restore her to society. Inclosed was a letter of credit on a capital banking-house.

This was very unexpected good news, and her Ladyship determined to accept the protection of her *Lady Mama*, as well as the escort of Mr. Edwards, who was also on his return to England.

Of this Gentleman, it is merely ne-

cessary to say, that he was of good family, but small fortune: he had taken infinite pains to read the character of Lady Louisa, in which he could not fail to discover many valuable traits, which had, hitherto, been obscured by fashion: he became pointed in his attentions.

The old Earl discovering, that the young folks were not indifferent to each other, with great liberality, proposed their marriage; having, pre-

viously, made a handsome settlement on his *daughter.

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* There is nothing *strange* in this *fashionable* marriage. The heir-apparent of a splendid title, and a princely fortune, not long ago, entered into a domestic arrangement with a demi-Italian demirep; but Fame reported, that the lady's *reputed* father—who is a Peer of *singular* gallantry—offered the young *noble*man one hundred thousand pounds to marry his daughter: at all events, the *wise* Lord did marry her; and her *wise* Ladyship soon quitted him for a more *rational* companion. Her Ladyship is very accomplished.

They move in fashionable life; and make a very *happy* couple.

Ponsonby, having made a tour of pleasure, returned to Dublin cured of his love fit; and, as his worldly observations had not, hitherto, presented him with many Ladies like Mrs. Colville, he recommenced his old *trade;* and is esteemed a most desirable Cecisbêo.

Upwards of eight years have, now,

elapsed, since we left our Heroine under no very pleasant circumstances in Dublin. The General continued the suspicious tormentor of them both: sometimes, submitting to the influence of the most ungovernable caprices; at others, falling at his wife's feet, acknowledging her virtues, and deprecating her resentment: while the ill-fated Ellen devoted herself, almost exclusively, to the care of her own family, which was, shortly after, increased with the birth of a daughter.

Her visits abroad were, mostly, confined to charitable engagements. She warmly patronized the Lying-in Hospital—the Charter-House and Blue-Coat Schools—and other valuable charities.

Of Montague she had never heard a syllable, otherwise than, the occasion of his *intrusion*, and his subsequent *unpremeditated* offence.

After a residence of three years in

Ireland, the General was recalled; his rank was established; and he received a regiment: in the command, of which he sailed for India.

Retired to her cottage---Ellen, her child, and Mrs. Howard, enjoyed all the calm pleasures of a domestic life, enlivened, frequently, by the visits of the Wilmots, with their little prattling family; and by letters from the amiable O'Connors.

But this scene of innocent tranquil-

lity was not destined to last for ever. At the battle of Delhi---ever memorable for the restoration of the aged and suffering Prince, *Shah Allum*, to the throne of his forefathers---the General was killed by a random ball, as the victorious army entered the capital of the Mogul Empire.

It will not be supposed, that this event occasioned any very oppressive affliction to his beautiful widow; who declared her resolution to continue the

mode of life she had lately adopted, as most congenial with her habits, and the welfare of her little darling.

But, as soon as Mr. O'Connor heard of the General's death, he set out for the Island of Raghery, to which Montague had retired after the recovery of Father O'Mooney; where he found the object of his search, happy in himself, and diffusing happiness around him.

At the sound of Ellen's name, a deep

scarlet rushed up to the cheek of Montague; and, taking Mr. O'Connor's hand, he said,

"My dear Friend, do not, I beseech you, tear open wounds that time and philosophy have *scarcely* healed---on that theme, I am a perfect infant."

The tear that glistened on his cheek, most feelingly, corroborated the fact!

But, when he understood that Ellen

was a widow---he was almost wild with joy: then, relapsing---he shook his head, repeating, mournfully,

"Oh, never---never--can that Angel forgive my temerity!

"Nay"---replied Mr. O'Connor, smiling---"a faint heart never won a fair Lady. My wife and myself will accompany you to England; and, my word for it, *three* to *one* will be more than the lovely Widow will be able to combat."

Montague and Ellen have been two years married, and the nursery is increased by another daughter, of whom the little Ellen Colville is dotingly fond; and, in return, she shares with her little playfellow, in the parental tenderness of her Papa Burgoyne.

Such, is the reward of correct habits and virtuous perseverance—

Go—and do, thou, likewise!

THE END.

PRINTED BY J. DEAN, 57, WARDOUR-STREET.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The *Second Volume* of this Work was printed, while the Author was from home; which circumstance compels him to publish the following:

ERRATA.

Page 8 line 11 for *doleur* read *douleur*
—— 48 —— 6 for *secret* read *silent*
—— 77 —— 8 for *veils* read *vails*
—— 90 —— 6 for *grew* read *grow*
—— 105 —— 1 for *ribban* read *ribbon*
—— 105 —— 8 for *drew* read *draw*
—— 107 —— 12 for *this* read *the*
—— 108 —— 1 for *undefinable* read *indefinable*
—— 122 —— 11 for *villany* read *villainy*
—— 223 —— 11 for *gentlemen* read *seamen*
—— 224 —— 10 for *steered* read *sheered*
—— 226 —— 10 for *which* read *while*
—— 228 —— 2 for *now* read *were*
—— 230 —— 4 for *cause* read *corse*
—— 237 —— 9 for *even* read *were*

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